

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Sep 2007

100 BC by Jacqueline Rayner

HAWKERS: Shoes made while you wait. Magic spells. Fish, fresh fish. So fresh they're still swimming. Magic spells, lucky charms.

DOCTOR: Ah, the heady scent of culture.

EVELYN: Heady scent of fish, more like.

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, this is one of the birthplaces of civilisation.

EVELYN: Birthplace of civilisation? Hot pie stalls and lucky charm salesmen? Anyway, I thought the Roman Republic was all overthrowing kings and civil wars.

DOCTOR: Well yes, there was the odd monarchical displacement, and perhaps an occasional military squabble, but it was also the time of Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, Euclid.

EVELYN: None of whom was Roman.

DOCTOR: Oh, very well, then. Catullus, Cicero, Caesar. All of whose cultural significance you surely cannot deny.

EVELYN: Don't get your toga in a twist. I give in. That is rather exciting. So, who are we going to visit first? Catullus? A nice bit of bawdy poetry to start us off?

DOCTOR: Ah. Now, if the Tardis time monitor is correct, and I checked, and it is, he's been dead for half a century.

(Er, Doctor, Catullus died in 54BC, not 154... Oops, have I just blown an important plot point? Sorry.)

EVELYN: Cicero, then. We can chat about politics and philosophy.

DOCTOR: The politics of the playground and the philosophy of early bedtime, perhaps.

EVELYN: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: He'd be about five.

EVELYN: Ah. Oh. I don't think I'll even ask about Caesar.

DOCTOR: It's 101 BC.

EVELYN: And Caesar was born?

DOCTOR: In 100 BC.

EVELYN: One year out. Goodness, that means his parents are out there somewhere, with not an idea in the world that they're soon going to produce one of the most important figures in history. Someone whose name will be known for millennia to come. Julius Caesar!

JULIUS: Yes?

EVELYN: I beg your pardon?

JULIUS: You called my name. Julius Caesar.

EVELYN: Ah, I er (sotto) Doctor, you got it wrong.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Don't think so. (normal) Evelyn, I believe we have the pleasure of meeting Senator Gaius Julius Caesar. (sotto) The elder.

EVELYN: Oh. Oh, how nice to meet you. We were just talking about you.

JULIUS: So I gathered. Might I be so bold as to enquire why?

EVELYN: Er, we were wondering how your wife was.

JULIUS: Oh, you know Aurelia? She is well. I have the most wonderful idea. Come and dine with us. Aurelia would be thrilled, er

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and this is Evelyn.

JULIUS: Doctor, Evelyn, do say yes. It would be so nice for Aurelia to see old friends.

EVELYN: We're not exactly

DOCTOR: We'd be delighted. Come along, Evelyn.

JULIUS: Nearly there.

(Lots of dogs barking.)

EVELYN: This isn't what I expected at all. Did the first man in Rome really come from a place like this? Those high-rise flats. It's as if the Queen had given birth to Prince Charles in Hackney.

DOCTOR: You're not far wrong. Very queen-like, Aurelia, by all accounts, for all that the family was impoverished.

EVELYN: This would be our old friend Aurelia? It's going to be rather embarrassing when she says she's no idea who we are.

DOCTOR: Oh, we'll bluff it out. Besides, she'll be far too polite to mention it. Imagine what the Queen

would do.

EVELYN: (imitating) One has not the faintest clue who these commoners are. Orf with their heads.

DOCTOR: That's the spirit.

JULIUS: Here we are.

EVELYN: Sorry, I get a bit puffed.

JULIUS: Well, do come in and sit down.

(Door opens.)

JULIUS: Aurelia, I've got a wonderful surprise for you.

AURELIA: (seductive) Hello, darling. Come here. I've been waiting for. (annoyed) Oh.

JULIUS: I've brought some old friends to see you. The Doctor and Evelyn.

DOCTOR: Hello.

EVELYN: Hello.

AURELIA: Oh. Hello, Doctor. Evelyn. How nice to see you.

EVELYN: Yes. It's been an awfully long time. You probably don't even remember us.

AURELIA: No, no. How could I forget?

JULIUS: Do have a seat. Now, if you will excuse me for a moment, I just have a few small matters to attend to. Ides of October coming up. The Festival of Mars, don't you know.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, yes, of course.

JULIUS: Aurelia will look after you. Won't you, darling?

AURELIA: Yes, dear. If you will just excuse me too, Doctor, Evelyn, I will go and arrange some wine.

EVELYN: Oh, lovely. Thank you. (sotto) I don't think the queen is very pleased to see us.

(in the near distance)

AURELIA: What do you think you're doing, inviting them here?

JULIUS: Aurelia, darling.

AURELIA: If you want a son and heir, you are going to have to

(both leave earshot)

EVELYN: I have an idea she had a rather different sort of evening planned. Don't you see? It's October.

DOCTOR: Yes?

EVELYN: And nine months after October is

DOCTOR: July! Of course. Not that it would be called July now. It was named after Julius Caesar as it was the month in (penny drops) which he was born. Ah. Now I think I may be thinking what you're thinking.

EVELYN: I'm all for being present while history's being made, but I think this is a bit too close.

DOCTOR: Perhaps it would be as well if we left. Come on, while they're both out of the room.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: There. From the Tiber to the Tardis.

EVELYN: From the sublime to the ridiculous.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: Really? Well, ignoring for the moment the slight on my beloved time-ship, I had the impression you weren't too taken with the glories that were Rome.

EVELYN: Well, it was smellier, noisier, and grottier than I'd expected. That doesn't matter really. Stepping into the pages of history, Earth's history, that's always special to me.

DOCTOR: I know.

EVELYN: Just think. In nine months time, the first ever Caesarian section will take place, and out will pop baby Julius.

DOCTOR: Ah. That's a myth, I'm afraid

EVELYN: Is it? I thought the procedure was named after him.

DOCTOR: Oh, that's widely believed, but Aurelia survived the birth, and sad to say, that would not have been the case had she gone a Roman surgeon's knife.

EVELYN: Oh.

DOCTOR: Now, where to next?

EVELYN: Under a Roman surgeon's knife.

DOCTOR: Mmm hmm?

EVELYN: I mean, what if that's it?

DOCTOR: What if what's what?

EVELYN: What if that's how Aurelia survived? Perhaps she wasn't attended by a Roman surgeon. Perhaps it was a Doctor, from the future.

DOCTOR: Are you suggesting I deliver Julius Caesar?

EVELYN: Yes.

DOCTOR: No! Evelyn, it's hardly my area of expertise.

EVELYN: But you know things. You can give people a nudge in the right direction. Can we really afford to ignore the possibility that hopping forward nine months might save a life?

DOCTOR: Oh, very well. Forward nine months.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: It's a bit chilly for July. I should have brought a cardie.

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn. For a historian, sometimes your ignorance astounds me. Before Caesar reformed the calendar, the months were all over the place. No two years in a row contained the same number of days. Anyway, the walk should have warmed you up.

EVELYN: Yes, about that. Would it have been so terrible to land just a little bit closer to the Caesar's house? My poor knees.

DOCTOR: These sort hops are tricky affairs, you know. To arrive in the same spot exactly nine months later is an exceptional feat of piloting.

EVELYN: If you do say so yourself.

DOCTOR: Anyway, we're here now. Hope they remember us.

EVELYN: I hope they don't.

(Knock on door.)

MIDWIFE [OC]: All right, all right!

(Door opens.)

MIDWIFE: Yes?

DOCTOR: Oh, hello. I'm the Doctor and this is Evelyn

(Aurelia screaming with labour pains.)

MIDWIFE: This isn't a good time.

EVELYN: Thing's aren't going well. I knew it. Come on, Doctor.

MIDWIFE: Hey!

DOCTOR: Excuse me.

(A baby cries.)

EVELYN: Don't panic, help's here.

MIDWIFE: Out of my way.

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor, is it supposed to look like that?

AURELIA: Doctor? Is everything all right?

DOCTOR: Oh, er, it seems to be, yes.

MIDWIFE: No thanks to you. What do you mean by barging in like this?

EVELYN: You said Aurelia was having a bad time.

MIDWIFE: No, I said this wasn't a good time. For a visit. And it isn't. At least make yourself useful.

You there, pass me that knife. I need to cut the cord. Hurry up, man.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sorry. Were you addressing me? A knife, did you say?

MIDWIFE: Oh, don't worry, I'll get it myself.

DOCTOR: Er, this one? Here you are. Ow!

MIDWIFE: Look what you're doing.

EVELYN: Doctor, you cut yourself.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm all right.

EVELYN: As it Aurelia, it seems. I was wrong. We weren't needed.

DOCTOR: No hand of fate on our shoulders after all.

EVELYN: It's actually nice for a change, expecting things to be going wrong and they're not. It's usually the other way round. This time absolutely everything's gone right.

AURELIA: Thank you. Oh, my darling.

MIDWIFE: Congratulations, Aurelia. You have a beautiful baby girl.

EVELYN: Girl?

AURELIA: She shall be called Julia.

EVELYN: Julia Caesar?

EVELYN: (breathless) Doctor, slow down.

DOCTOR: No time to dawdle, Evelyn. We're nearly back at the Tardis.

EVELYN: This is bad, isn't it? We've changed history.

DOCTOR: I fear so.

EVELYN: Nine months ago there's Aurelia all well, you know, please to see her husband, and then we turn up, so she's not happy, and there's no son and heir conceived that night. By the time she actually

does get pregnant, nature's decided to arrange things with two X chromosomes instead.

DOCTOR: Exactly. We must find a way of reversing the damage, and quickly. Oh, here we are.
(Unlocks Tardis door.)

DOCTOR: If we go back to the very moment things went wrong.

EVELYN: Another tricky short hop.

DOCTOR: No, I just press the fast return switch, like so, and we're snapped back to where we came from as if we're on a piece of elastic.

EVELYN: Talking of which, let's put some Elastoplast on that cut.

DOCTOR: Oh no, I don't think that's necessary.

EVELYN: Oh yes, it is. And some antiseptic, unless you want to get blood poisoning. Here, I've got some in my handbag. There you go.

DOCTOR: Ow! Ooo! That stings.

EVELYN: Don't be a baby. And talking of babies.

DOCTOR: Yes, the great Caesar, a girl. We have to return to Julius and Aurelia and make sure er love is in the air.

EVELYN: I suppose so. Hang on a minute.

DOCTOR: Yes?

EVELYN: What did you mean by that? The great Caesar, a girl. Are you saying a woman couldn't be great?

DOCTOR: Oh, of course not. But this is ancient Rome. Women aren't even allowed to hold office.

EVELYN: And that's the problem.

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: Imagine how much better the world would be if the most important Roman of all time were female! It could be the catalyst that changes all of history.

DOCTOR: Exactly! That's what we're trying to stop.

EVELYN: But it will be a change for the better.

DOCTOR: Causality unravelling is hardly for the better.

EVELYN: Perhaps we were meant to do this.

DOCTOR: Oh, as we were meant to intervene in Aurelia's childbirth? The only thing we achieved there was to scare the poor woman half to death by asking if her baby was supposed to look like that.

EVELYN: Well, it was a bit of a shock. I'd never seen a newborn before. I never had children, you see.

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn.

EVELYN: I never will have children now. My family tree stops here. Nothing of me going on into the future.

DOCTOR: Now don't

EVELYN: I suppose it just wasn't my destiny to have children. But travelling with you is.

DOCTOR: Hmm? I'm not sure I follow you.

EVELYN: And perhaps I'm here with you for a reason.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, I think you're getting a little overwrought.

EVELYN: Can you honestly tell me that baby girl isn't meant to be born, and that our interference isn't an important part of history? What about Mozart? You remember that. Before we became involved, he was only remembered for lift music and film soundtracks.

DOCTOR: I don't think this is the same thing.

EVELYN: But you don't know for sure, do you? I may not have had a child of my own, but I'm going to make sure that baby girl is born. Nothing of me going on into the future, but at least the future will be better if women are in charge. No wars, no poverty, no size zero models.

DOCTOR: No! I'm sorry. A diverted timeline could lead to anything. We have to put Time back on the right track.

EVELYN: No, we don't! I won't let you. This is too important.

DOCTOR: Yes, it is. You go and put the kettle on. We'll discuss it over a cuppa. I'll just check the atmospheric conditions outside.

(Tardis door opens.)

EVELYN: All right, I'll er

(Tardis door closes.)

EVELYN: Doctor!

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm sorry, Evelyn. I can't let you out here.

EVELYN: Doctor, come back here! Let me out! Doctor!

JULIUS [OC] They've gone now, darling.

AURELIA [OC]: I'm hardly in the mood.

JULIUS [OC]: Aurelia, my love, they said they were old friends.

AURELIA [OC]: Well, they weren't.

DOCTOR: Here we are. (knocks on door.) Hello?

(Door opens.)

JULIUS: Doctor, I thought you had left. Aurelia, my dear, it's the Doctor.

AURELIA: What? Oh, Doctor. What a surprise.

DOCTOR: Well, it was rude to leave without saying goodbye. Evelyn felt a bit off-colour.

AURELIA: But we still have the pleasure of your company.

DOCTOR: I hope it will be a pleasure. You see, I couldn't help noticing that our presence caused a little, oh, tension, shall we say?

JULIUS: Oh, no, no, my dear Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, yes, yes. No need to be polite. I wanted to make it up to you. May I come in?

JULIUS: Oh, er, oh, of course.

(walking)

DOCTOR: Here, come and sit down. There, that's it. Now then, let me pour you a cup of wine. There.

JULIUS: Oh, thank you.

AURELIA: Thank you.

DOCTOR: Now, if music be the food of love, perhaps you will allow me to play you a bite to eat.

(Plays Greensleeves on a lute or a cithara.)

AURELIA: (sighs) Oh darling, I'm sorry I was cross.

JULIUS: That's all right, my love.

AURELIA: It's just that I wanted

(interrupted by 'music' on comb and tissue paper)

AURELIA: What's that?

DOCTOR: Evelyn!

EVELYN: The front door was open. Hope you don't mind. You shouldn't have left the Tardis manual lying around. I worked out how to override the lock. (plays On Ilkley Moor Bah Tat)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, stop that this minute!

EVELYN: Sorry. Have I spoilt the moment?

DOCTOR: Please excuse us. Come along, Evelyn.

DOCTOR: I am trying to stop the Web of Time from unravelling and possibly destroying the entire world.

EVELYN: And I am trying to make the world a better place.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, it's not like an old pullover. You can't just get a pair of needles and reknit the unravelled timeline in to something that's a better fit. Now, are you going to sit quietly and make polite conversation, or shall I take you back to the Tardis, jump forward sixty years, and tell Nero that you're a Christian, and aren't his lions looking hungry?

EVELYN: All right, all right. I'll make polite conversation.

DOCTOR: Good.

EVELYN: Ah, this is nice.

AURELIA: Very nice.

JULIUS: Charming. Really, the Doctor had no need to prepare dinner himself. We may not live in the best part of town, but we do have slaves.

EVELYN: Oh, don't worry. He enjoys it. He's quite a dab hand in the kitchen. Have you ever heard of Typhoid Mary?

AURELIA: No.

EVELYN: No, I suppose you wouldn't have. She was a cook who didn't realise she had typhoid fever. Everyone who ate her food. Don't know why she sprang to mind. Forget I mentioned it. You just enjoy the meal.

JULIUS: Evelyn, are you saying the Doctor

DOCTOR: Ah, Julius, Aurelia, all ready for a delicious dinner à deux, I hope?

AURELIA: You and Evelyn won't be joining us?

DOCTOR: Well, two's company, they say. Now I did say that music was the food of love, but I think you'll find that another food of love is er food. (laughs) To start, a dish of asparagus, lightly steamed and drizzled with olive oil.

JULIUS: Thank you.

AURELIA: Ooo, that's lovely.

JULIUS: Delicious.

EVELYN: Well done, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Evelyn.

EVELYN: Yes, I'm glad you're enjoying it. Me, I never can eat asparagus. It's something of a diuretic, you know. Makes you go.

DOCTOR: Ahem.

EVELYN: And perhaps I shouldn't mention it in polite company, but we're all friends here. I don't know if you've noticed, but it causes a smell.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, let the nice people enjoy their meal.

AURELIA: That's all right. I've had enough.

JULIUS: Er, yes, so have I.

DOCTOR: Ah, well. Oh, never mind. Time for the second course. This you will enjoy. The secret ingredient is slivers of truffle, one of the greatest delicacies known to man.

EVELYN: And pig. Especially the amorous pig.

AURELIA: What do you mean?

EVELYN: Well, it's an interesting fact. The reason that pigs are so good at hunting out truffles is that the truffle, that thing that you have on your plate there, contains a chemical which mimics the reproductive hormones of swine.

JULIUS: Oh, really.

EVELYN: Oh yes.

DOCTOR: Thank you for that titbit, Evelyn. Perhaps we'll just skip straight to dessert. Strawberries. Evelyn, before I serve, do you have anything to say on the bodily effects of eating strawberries?

EVELYN: No, no, no. Nothing at all.

DOCTOR: And what about the chemical secreted by the strawberry?

EVELYN: Er, no, don't think so.

DOCTOR: Does the strawberry have any intrinsic properties whatsoever that lead you to believe it is an unsuitable ingredient for a romantic dinner?

EVELYN: No.

DOCTOR: Good. There you go.

EVELYN: Not intrinsic properties. (The Doctor groans) But of course it grown in manure.

DOCTOR: Right, that's it! Julius, Aurelia, please excuse us. Evelyn, you are leaving now.

JULIUS: Yes, of course.

EVELYN: Hey, no. What?

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

EVELYN: I was making polite conversation.

DOCTOR: You were deliberately sabotaging my every effort.

EVELYN: Oh, aphrodisiacs don't work anyway.

DOCTOR: Well, they certainly won't now. Come on, you are going back to the Tardis, and you are going to stay there.

EVELYN: Doctor!

DOCTOR: No arguments. You, Doctor Smythe, are on Tardis arrest until this timeline is back on track.

EVELYN: At least let me walk under my own steam. You're going far too fast. My poor knees.

DOCTOR: You can put your feet up when you're safely back in the Tardis.

EVELYN: No, no, I mean it. I have to sit down. Now. Oh!

DOCTOR: Oh. Over here, on the edge of this fountain. All right?

EVELYN: I, I think so. A rest and a couple of my pills, and I'll be. Oh.

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: My pills. They're in my handbag. I must have left it in the control room when I got out the antiseptic.

DOCTOR: Well, the Tardis isn't far.

EVELYN: Oh, no. I can't walk any further. Doctor, please.

DOCTOR: Yes, I'll fetch it.

EVELYN: I think it's under the console.

DOCTOR: All right, I won't be long. You, you just sit here and rest.

EVELYN: Yes. Yes, I will. Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Back in a minute, Evelyn. (leaves)

EVELYN: Right, sit here and rest? I don't think so. Julia Caesar, you will exist, whether the Doctor likes it or not.

EVELYN: Right, now it's my turn.

(Knocks on door. Door opens.)

EVELYN: Doctor! How did you get here before me?

DOCTOR: (breathless) Evelyn Smythe.

EVELYN: Yes?

DOCTOR: Evelyn Smythe, I have come from the future.

EVELYN: I know. So have I.

DOCTOR: I mean your own personal future. I have brought a message from your future self.

EVELYN: Oh? Why couldn't I come myself?

DOCTOR: The dangers of crossing your own timeline are too great. But not as great as the dangers that will occur if you do not stop this course of action now. Evelyn, I come from a future where the world is doomed, thanks to your meddling.

EVELYN: Oh!

DOCTOR: The air is aflame, the seas have boiled dry. No creature can live on the Earth. And as we watched the death throes of your planet, for every single second of every day of every moribund week, your future self felt nothing but regret. If only I could stop myself, she would say. I would do anything to be able to prevent myself from ruining the Doctor's brilliant plan.

EVELYN: Oh goodness, I. Hang on. If you've been hanging around dying Earth for weeks, how come you've still got that bit of plaster on your finger? Let me look.

DOCTOR: Ow!

EVELYN: That cut's still fresh. And you were out of breath from running to get here before me. You're just trying to fool me!

DOCTOR: Fool you? How about oh Doctor my knees, I can't walk. Did you really think I'd just leave you on your own after your last performance? And that was a low blow, Evelyn, pretending to be in pain. You think I don't worry about you?

EVELYN: It was a means to an end.

DOCTOR: A means to the end of the world. A world I am trying to save.

EVELYN: No! You're trying to perpetuate a patriarchal society. Which, I suppose, is something I should expect from someone whose race calls themselves the Time Lords.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, yes. Well, in Gallifreyan the emphasis is rather

JULIUS: What is all this noise? Ah, Evelyn, Doctor.

AURELIA: I might have guessed.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. We

(A baby cries.)

AURELIA: Now you've woken up the baby. Slave, see to Julia this instant.

EVELYN: The baby?

DOCTOR: Julia?

JULIUS: Yes, our younger daughter, Julia.

AURELIA: You should know, you were there when she was born. It was only nine months ago. You can't have forgotten.

EVELYN: Nine months *ago*?

AURELIA: Yes. I certainly won't forget. Barging in without a by your leave. And the things you said.

EVELYN: So you actually did recognise us tonight. You weren't just being polite.

AURELIA: Polite? I nearly bit my tongue in half not saying the things I wanted to say.

JULIUS: Then I shall say them for you, my love. Had I realised that these two were the very ones who had trespassed at your child bed, I would never have allowed them in the house.

DOCTOR: Ah, well, perhaps it is time for us to be going.

JULIUS: Yes, clear off before I have you flogged. And if I ever see you again

AURELIA: Oh, Julius, you're so manly.

DOCTOR: I was only trying to help.

EVELYN: Doctor, I think your work here's done.

DOCTOR: Ah, right. We'll be off, then.

(Julius and Aurelia shut the door on them, laughing together.)

EVELYN: So we were never in 100BC after all.

DOCTOR: And we're not going there now. I think Caesar can manage to be born without us.

EVELYN: What a mess. We went nine months into the past by mistake. Doctor, for a Time Lord your ignorance sometimes astounds me. When you're in years BC, you count backwards.

DOCTOR: The Tardis got confused.

EVELYN: The Tardis my foot.

DOCTOR: Well, it's just automatic to add rather than take away when you're going into the future.

EVELYN: The future. I suppose it's safe?

DOCTOR: Yes. Huh, it was never at risk.

EVELYN: Except from me. It would be better, you know, a world with women in charge.

DOCTOR: Perhaps it would. But we both know that's not what this was all about, Evelyn. Look at everything we've done. Your bloodline may not go forward, but you are very definitely part of the future.

EVELYN: Yes, but what I realised just now in there is that that's not what children are about. Julia, she was always meant to be. History barely remembers her. Julius is the famous one, carrying on his father's name. But right now, at this moment, that doesn't matter, not to that little baby in there. If I had had a child, it wouldn't have been about me being part of the future, it would have been about my child being part of the present.

DOCTOR: But you still have regrets?

EVELYN: About never giving life? Yes.

DOCTOR: But you saved many lives, made many lives better.

EVELYN: You know what I'd really like right now? A hot pie.

DOCTOR: As long as it's not asparagus?

EVELYN: Or truffle.

DOCTOR: Flamingo tongues used to be considered a delicacy.

EVELYN: Oh, poor flamingoes.

DOCTOR: And peacock brains.

EVELYN: Oh. Perhaps a pie wasn't such a good idea. Now cake you can't go wrong with.

DOCTOR: At Roman weddings, a cake was broken over the bride's head to ensure fertility.

My Own Private Wolfgang by Robert Shearman

(Dr Who theme played on a harpsichord.)

BUTLER: You're not going to finish it like that, are you?

MOZART: No, no, just taking a breather.

BUTLER: I was going to say it seemed a bit abrupt.

MOZART: This is all such rubbish.

BUTLER: Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir. I was rather enjoying it.

MOZART: Really?

BUTLER: Mmm, yes. I especially like the diddly dum bit in the middle.

MOZART: It's not the Magic Flute, though, is it? Hardly a requiem.

BUTLER: Well, no, sir. But then your Requiem is your masterpiece. Nothing's ever going to touch your Requiem. This er thing has charms all of its own.

MOZART: I should just burn it. That's what I'd do if I had any integrity.

BUTLER: This is just nerves talking, sir. Tonight's performance preying on your mind?

MOZART: Who are all these people you've invited?

BUTLER: Just friends, sir. Nothing to worry about.

MOZART: I don't have any friends. Only you, just you. All these years. God, look what I've been reduced to, all pally with the hired help.

BUTLER: Now you're getting all sentimental, sir, and that won't do at all. Save sentiment for music, sir. It's less embarrassing there.

MOZART: You're quite right. Of course.

BUTLER: And you must finish composing. In a few hours, your guests will arrive, all expecting your new symphony. I really wouldn't end it so abruptly. No one likes things that sound unfinished.

MOZART: Just tell me it's going to be all right.

BUTLER: It's going to be all right, hmm? What could possibly go wrong?

EVELYN: Just a moment. We're here to see Mozart?

DOCTOR: Is that a problem?

EVELYN: Well, it's just that when you promised me a concert, I thought we'd be hearing something good.

DOCTOR: Oh, Mozart's all right. Some of the tracks on his Greatest Hits CD are really rather nice.

EVELYN: I didn't even think there really was a Mozart, not really, after so many hundreds of years. No one can live that long. I just thought it was a name musicians used to hide behind, when they didn't want to own up to having written anything really, really, bad.

DOCTOR: I used to think that. By the time he was producing his ten thousandth symphony, I thought there could be no other explanation. And yet, here we are. Exciting, isn't it? Oh, I do enjoy getting a

mystery to solve.

EVELYN: Mmm, so do I. I just rather hoped there'd be a nice musical accompaniment. So, can't win 'em all. Oh!

DOCTOR: Now what's wrong?

EVELYN: My mask. It's chafing my nose.

DOCTOR: Leave it. This is a masked ball. The invitation says Mozart's 100th birthday party. concert and nibbles, bring you own mask.

EVELYN: Oh, that's just great. My nose is itching and I'm going to have to listen to Mozart, and the last thing I heard of his was that soundtrack for the remake of The Italian Job.

DOCTOR: I admit by your time, his stuff had gone off the boil somewhat. For me, nothing was ever the same once he started using electronic drum kits. Once you've heard one ambient concept album, you've heard them all.

BUTLER: Gentlemen, may I interest you in a fruit scone?

DOCTOR: Oh, not for me. I've already eaten.

BUTLER: Oh, please. Mister Mozart was very particular everyone try the scones. He made them himself.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you.

EVELYN: Thank you.

BUTLER: Oh, just a second. Is that a woman behind that mask?

EVELYN: Hello?

BUTLER: But you can't be. I mean, it's quite impossible.

EVELYN: Clearly not.

BUTLER: Forgive me. Madam, I was just. Can I ask where you got your invitations?

DOCTOR: Certainly. My spaceship intercepted them in the Time Vortex.

BUTLER: I see. That really shouldn't have happened.

EVELYN: You don't seem very surprised.

BUTLER: Of course I'm surprised, madam. I'm from 1856. What would I know of Time Vortexes. Let's not confused the well-trained reserve of a butler for anything anachronistic. If you will excuse me.
(leaves)

EVELYN: Funny sort of butler. How's the scone?

DOCTOR: All right. Bit too much sugar. I'll put it in my pocket for later.

BUTLER: If I could have your attention, please, gentlemen. You know him. You love him. And it's his hundredth birthday. So let's put our hands together and be upstanding for the outstanding Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart!

(Cheers and applause.)

BUTLER: Happy birthday!

CROWD: Happy birthday!

MOZART: Thank you. No more. Thank you, my friends. Are you my friends? It's hard to tell beneath those masks. A man must consider himself fortunate indeed to have so many, especially when I was pretty sure I had no friends whatsoever, which does rather beg the question, who are you lot and why are you here? To see me, who at the age of 6 played for all the crowned heads of Europe, now at a hundred playing to a bunch of strangers with their faces covered. Still, that's life. But thanks for coming anyway, to witness what I hope will be my greatest performance. You know, I used to be asked, Mozart, they said, what makes great art? And I never really knew. I used to say some guff about a gift from God, but deep down I was just relieved I could do it. No one asks me now, of course, which is a shame, because I now have the answer. I'll tell you, great art is just a matter of knowing when to stop. That's it. It's as simple as that. I have some music to play you. Oh, it's not very good. Oh, the notes are all right, nothing's discordant, but it has no point to it, no soul. I've nothing to say any more. It's just pretty noise. I've had nothing to say for years, and I look back and I wish I'd died young, before I realised I was just another mediocrity. It's time to stop. This is my performance.

(Click of gun being cocked. Gasps.)

BUTLER: Now sir, put the gun down.

MOZART: Don't fret, my friend. The end of this symphony is long overdue.

(Bang!)

EVELYN: No!

MOZART: Oh, it hasn't worked. It hasn't worked. (bang! bang!) What a failure I am. I can't even kill myself properly. Get out of my way.

(Door opens and closes.)

BUTLER: Well, I'm sure you'll want to thank er Mister Mozart for his new avant-garde composition, which he calls Concerto with Firearm. Do enjoy the refreshments. I'm sorry, sir, you can't go in there.

These are Mister Mozart's private quarters.

DOCTOR: This is no time to stand on etiquette. The man's just shot himself.

EVELYN: Three times, and in the head.

DOCTOR: I'm a doctor. I can help.

BUTLER: If my master needs help, sir, then I am the one to provide it.

DOCTOR: However proficient in butlering you may be, unless you're also a qualified oh!

BUTLER: Please stand back.

(Gun being cocked.)

BUTLER: I would truly regret having to use this gun on you.

EVELYN: There's no need for this.

DOCTOR: I don't think a well-bred butler like you wants to disturb this party any further, do you? Now, I'm going to open that door, and my friend is coming with me. If you decide to shoot us, that's up to you.

BUTLER: Ah, I do wish you hadn't said that, sir.

EVELYN: So do I.

DOCTOR: And why is that?

BUTLER: Because, of course, I couldn't shoot you, a well-bred butler like myself. Very well, then. If wagging a revolver at you really won't suffice, you'd better come with me. (sotto) But please be sensitive. Mister Mozart does hate meeting his public.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: After you, Evelyn.

(Door opens.)

MOZART: Oh, Butler, that didn't go well at all. Who the Devil are these people?

BUTLER: I'm sorry, sir. The Doctor insisted.

MOZART: I don't need a doctor. I need the exact opposite of a doctor.

DOCTOR: How are you feeling?

MOZART: How do you think? I just fired three bullets into my temple and I'm still here, so rather sore, more than a little disappointed.

BUTLER: I wish you'd discussed this with me beforehand.

MOZART: You'd only have talked me out of it. Well, that's that. Stepping (sic) won't work, hanging won't work, nor will bullets. I am stuck here.

EVELYN: But why kill yourself in the first place?

MOZART: Wait a moment. Hang on.

(Three bullets clatter onto the floor.)

EVELYN: That's impossible!

MOZART: Oh, my body heals very quickly. Apparently even spits out the bullets all by itself. What time is it, Butler?

BUTLER: Your visitor will be here soon, sir.

MOZART: Damn. I was really rather hoping I'd be dead by then.

BUTLER: I shall inform you when he arrives. (leaves)

DOCTOR: Who's coming? What's going on?

MOZART: I don't know his name. Years ago, when I was young, he came to me. I was dying at the time, I'm sure of it. I was coughing blood. I knew it was the end, and this man appeared from nowhere wearing a black mask. He told me he could save my life, I could live for ever, on condition that on every birthday he would find me and I'd have a new symphony to show him.

DOCTOR: I can quite see why you'd be tempted.

MOZART: It was a trap, Doctor. All I wanted was to go on producing music, to change the world my way with operas and concertos, and so much beauty. I thought my inspiration would never run dry.

EVELYN: Some would say, I don't know, with a long life ahead of you, why not just try something else?

MOZART: Oh, I have. Pottery, poetry, pastry making. Did you try my scones?

DOCTOR: Mmm. They were all right.

MOZART: Oh, I can make cheesy twists, petit four. They're quite tricky. But there's a bakers down the road makes them even better. If you have a genius for something, it's very hard to put up with being just all right at something else. If only I hadn't signed his contract, by now I'd be dead, but I'd be a dead somebody.

EVELYN: And he's coming here, now? Tell him you've changed your mind.

MOZART: Yes, I can really see the Devil buying that.

DOCTOR: You think he's the Devil?

MOZART: Well, black mask, offers of eternal life? It's all a bit devilish, wouldn't you say? He appears out of thin air, reads my music, has a chuckle, then takes off again. If I wasn't so terrified, I'd find it more than a little rude.

(Door opens.)

BUTLER: Sir, your guest has arrived.

MOZART: Then I shall go and greet him.

DOCTOR: You know, I'd rather like to see this masked man of yours.

BUTLER: He says he'll only talk to Mister Mozart.

EVELYN: Well, Mister Mozart has a headache. Bullets can do that sort of thing.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Take us to him.

MOZART: It's worth a try. What's the worst he can do, make me immortal again, hmm?

(Door opens.)

BUTLER: He's in here, sir. Be careful.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Hello there. Now, Mister Mozart thinks you're the Devil. Are you really? Or are you, as I suspect, just some nineteenth century equivalent of a time-share salesman.

MASK: (slightly muffled) Leave me. I will speak only to Mozart.

EVELYN: Mozart is otherwise indisposed.

DOCTOR: That's right. And as his legal representative, I need to point out some problem with this contract of yours.

MASK: There is nothing wrong with the contract.

DOCTOR: Article 37 subsection 3. No contract binding if either party does business behind a mysterious mask. It's a standard clause. Which leads me to wonder, who is it that's hiding behind there?

EVELYN: Let's get this mask off.

MASK: Keep away from me.

EVELYN: There!

DOCTOR: No. You? How can it be you?

EVELYN: What do we do?

DOCTOR: Evelyn, no. Keep away from him! Argh! Evelyn! Oh, they've vanished. Where's she gone? Where have you taken her?

BUTLER: I've not taken her anywhere, sir. I'm standing right in front of you.

DOCTOR: Oh, but you have. That man in the mask was you. You can't deny it.

BUTLER: I'm as surprised as you are, sir. If, as a butler, I wasn't so adept at reining in my feelings, I assure you I'd be gawping.

DOCTOR: I've had enough of this. My friend is in danger. I'm in no mood for secrets. Who are you?

BUTLER: I'm Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

EVELYN: Let me go!

MASK: (normal voice) Steady. These time travel hops can make you a bit giddy.

EVELYN: Why have you kidnapped me?

MASK: I haven't. I don't want *you*. Not my fault if you got too close to the warp field, is it?

EVELYN: Take me back to the Doctor.

MASK: Only wish I could, but I only get so many time travelling privileges a week. I'm a working man. Only get Sundays off.

EVELYN: Where are we? It's like an enormous kitchen.

MASK: Well, that's because it is an enormous kitchen, and as you can see, I've got an enormous amount of washing up to do. I'd best get started.

EVELYN: Just tell me what's going on.

MASK: You give me a hand with these dishes, I'll tell you whatever you like. Here, some rubber gloves. Catch. Now, what do you prefer, cleaning or drying?

DOCTOR: I've heard about artists being self-obsessed, but surely employing yourself as your butler is taking things a bit far?

BUTLER: Oh please, keep it to yourself, sir. I'd hate the master to find out.

DOCTOR: You're telling me he doesn't know?

BUTLER: You've no idea what he can be like, poor chap. He has no friends, no family any more, only his music. And that's been scraping the bottom of the barrel since the early 1800s. He'd have no reason to get out of bed, no reason to open his eyes. If it weren't for me, his loyal servant, his trusted

companion

DOCTOR: Who just happens to be him.

BUTLER: Well, quite. Imagine how he'd feel if he knew the only person who gave a damn about him was in fact him. Talk about a let-down.

DOCTOR: And that's what you 're doing here, is it? You're here to make yourself feel better about yourself?

BUTLER: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart will live forever. His music may fade away into obscurity, but the man himself can never die. He needs someone to care. Who better than me? At least I understand him. So I travelled back in time to pledge myself to him, protect him, for always.

DOCTOR: Back in time? So where does a time-travelling Mozart actually come from then?

MASK: You see, Mozart was once considered the greatest composer who ever lived.

EVELYN: I've heard his Eurovision entries. Find that a little hard to believe.

MASK: Oh no, no. He was wonderful. History once knew him as this wonder child, composing operas at the age of ten. And before I popped along and interrupted things, he died in 1791, his masterpiece, his Requiem, completed by his bedside. The world thought they'd been robbed of one of their greatest geniuses. This was sublime music, Evelyn. Music that made you realise there was no limit to what man could achieve. Pass the sponge.

EVELYN: Oh, right. Here.

MASK: So really, you could hardly blame them for what they did.

EVELYN: Blame whom? What happened?

MASK: Thousands upon thousands of years later, when cloning was child's play, they went back to Salzburg, to Vienna, rifled through the houses where Mozart had once lived, scraped the very fingerprints from his long-rusted harpsichords, and from the DNA created him anew.

EVELYN: And that's you?

MASK: Me and my brothers. The Mozart model's a big seller.

EVELYN: What?

MASK: Oh, just imagine it. Every home with a Mozart of its own, nice and trim and consumer-friendly, with a German accent smoothed out, play arias, whistle symphonies, all on tap whenever you want it. And of course, do the washing-up, the ironing, do the supermarket run.

EVELYN: That's terrible!

MASK: They've even got me babysitting. I wouldn't mind, but they're always screaming, you know? I never know how to shut them up.

EVELYN: How many of you Mozarts are there?

BUTLER: Oh, at a rough guess, eight hundred thousand.

DOCTOR: What? You must be joking.

BUTLER: Oh, there would be more, but you know the Mozart is very expensive. We come with a lifetime guarantee, we put self-regenerating fluid in our blood just in case of accidents, and that stuff doesn't come cheap.

DOCTOR: So why aren't you with your owners now?

BUTLER: Oh, they threw me out. I, I don't know what happened. Mozart wasn't so fashionable any more, or something? Lots of us suddenly out on the streets, nowhere to go. I begged enough money to get one time-travel trip, came straight here.

DOCTOR: And what of those other Mozarts without anywhere to live?

BUTLER: That's why I wanted this concert, sent invitations through Time, told them they had to be here, just to show them why they'd been created. Give my brothers some little meaning.

DOCTOR: What, the audience? Wait a moment. You mean

(Door opens.)

BUTLER: That one there, with the champagne? That's a Mozart whose owners kept him in a kennel. I ask you. A kennel. That one by the stairs? They worked him day and night without any sleep till he just collapsed, and they threw him out with the rubbish. Even that little kid there, you see?

DOCTOR: Mmm hmm.

BUTLER: That's Mozart as a twelve year old. The deluxe children's model.

DOCTOR: Is there anyone in this house who *isn't* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?

MASK: I thought if I could just change history, go back, kill Mozart as a baby, something like that. But you know, that seemed very unfair on Mozart.

EVELYN: Well, it is a bit.

MASK: But then I realised, only the good die young. The mediocre just stick around for ever. If I saved

his life, if he kept on composing more and more until the world was sick of it, then no one would want clones of him. No one would bother with his fingerprints in the first place, and I'd never be made.

EVELYN: It's a rather convoluted way to kill yourself, isn't it?

MASK: I don't want death, Evelyn. I want oblivion. I popped back to 1791, pumped Mozart full of self-regenerating fluid, it cleared his tuberculosis no end, and I told him to set to work on some new music. Have you heard some of his latest stuff? Oh, it's rubbish.

EVELYN: What you've done to him, it's terrible. How can you recommend to posterity like that?

MASK: Oh, he was only too eager. I'd never want to hurt him. I like the man. Well, I would. He's very like me. He gets to go on living, I get to never get born. This way everybody's happy.

EVELYN: But Mozart isn't happy. He shot himself.

MASK: Oh, it was probably an accident.

EVELYN: Three times?

MASK: Oh, he was just messing around.

EVELYN: In the head?

MASK: Ah. No, that doesn't sound like the actions of a happy man, no.

EVELYN: Write yourself out of history if you want to. If you don't want to contribute anything to this funny merry-go-round, that's up to you. When someone so obviously strives to rise above the rest to make some sort of difference, and when that man is you, how can you bear to stop that? How can you do that to yourself? And I'm not drying this saucepan, either. There's still marks all over it. Look.

(The Tardis materialises.)

MOZART: A blue box, appearing out of nowhere.

(The Tardis door opens.)

MOZART: And now a man in fancy dress getting out of it. Oh yes, Wolfgang, old fellow. You're definitely dying.

DOCTOR: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The one and only.

MOZART: I once saw my Piano Concerto in C Major played with nothing more than a harmonica and a tin whistle. I thought I'd seen everything, but this takes the biscuit.

DOCTOR: I'm here on urgent business. A matter of life and death. Well, yours, I'm afraid.

MOZART: Oh dear.

DOCTOR: You've no reason to believe a word I say, but here's someone you should recognise.

BUTLER: Hello, sir.

MOZART: Good Lord, it's me, isn't it?

BUTLER: This must be confusing for you, sir, but please listen carefully. Any moment now, a man will arrive. You mustn't believe a word he says.

MOZART: I see. And how will I know this man?

DOCTOR: Oh, you'll know him. It'll be you.

MOZART: Me?

DOCTOR: That's right.

MOZART: So a man who's me is telling me that I mustn't trust another man who's me.

DOCTOR: Yes.

BUTLER: Well done, sir.

MOZART: Well, I'm glad that's clear, then.

(Whoosh!)

EVELYN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Evelyn. Oh, are you all right.

EVELYN: Oh, we found you at last. Back in 1856 he said you'd be here.

BUTLER: This is the man I was talking about. Mister Mozart, you mustn't listen to him.

MASK: Hello. I know this must seem very odd.

MOZART: Heaven help me. It's me again.

MASK: No, please, believe me, I wish you no harm. Evelyn has shown me I was wrong. I've come to help.

EVELYN: Doctor, I've spent the last week washing up. He's right. We must do something to help him. No one should have to scrub away at that much grease.

MASK: I'm just relieved I'm here in time. Mister Mozart, another man is coming. You mustn't trust him, or believe a word he says.

MOZART: I get the idea. And who is this man?

DOCTOR: Well, that's where it gets confusing.

MASK: It's an earlier version of me.

MOZART: Right. And I'm you, right?

EVELYN: In a manner of speaking.

MOZART: But wait a moment. This version of me told me not to believe what this version of me says, so

BUTLER: No, sir. I was wrong. You *can* believe what this version says.

MOZART: Oh, that's good.

MASK: It'll be another me you have to watch out for. I mean you. I mean us.

MOZART: Yes, yes. You know, all this is making me very peckish. Has anyone got anything to eat?

DOCTOR: Ah, er, oh, er, here. It's a scone I made a start on.

MOZART: Thanks.

DOCTOR: But I only nibbled round the edges.

BUTLER: I hope you like it, sir. You made it yourself.

MASK: Of course, I don't expect you to believe me. Not after what I've done. So someone you can trust is following on behind me.

DOCTOR: So long as you don't mean

(Whoosh!)

OLD MOZART: You there. Yes, you in the bed.

DOCTOR: He did.

OLD MOZART: I have a bone to pick with you.

MOZART: Oh dear, I look horribly old.

OLD MOZART: A hundred years today. What have you been playing at, you young whipper-snapper? How dare you muck around with my life like this?

MOZART: Well, it's my life, I'd have thought.

OLD MOZART: No, trust me. After the arthritis, oh, and the rheumatism, and living through that rainy spell in the 1830s, I very much earned it. Don't you even think about signing anything which elongates our life. I am telling you, it's not worth it. So, when a man pops up in a mask, don't believe a word he says.

MOZART: And I am guessing that underneath this mask it'll be

DOCTOR: You, yes.

MOZART: I wish I had something stronger than this scone.

DOCTOR: He's taking a while to get here.

(Whoosh!)

DOCTOR: Oh, good.

MASK 2: (muffled) I come here to change our destiny. Oh. Oh, you've got company.

DOCTOR: We know who you are and what you want.

EVELYN: The game's up, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

MOZART: It's very odd, having identical versions of yourself pop up around your death bed. Pardon me for not rising. I'm a little incapacitated at the moment. Whether from tuberculosis or social awkwardness, I can't be sure.

MASK 2: I have a proposal for you (removes mask) that will give you immortality.

MOZART: Right, so let me just get this straight. Getting a bit confused. Could be the dying.

DOCTOR: Of course.

MOZART: This is the me I shouldn't trust.

ALL: Yes!

MASK 2: No! Listen to what I say, and you can compose your music forever.

MOZART: I don't know, chaps. Sounds like a good deal to me

DOCTOR: Wolfgang, at the moment you're the greatest composer who's ever lived. By the twenty eighth century, you'll be strictly for the bargain bin. Now, I know you don't know what a bargain bin is, but believe me, you will.

MASK 2: So much talent, so much to offer the world. How can you refuse?

MOZART: Just a moment. This scone I am eating. You say I made this?

EVELYN: Yes, that's one of yours.

MOZART: It's not very good, is it. It's far too sweet. And the pastry is all crumbly. Look.

OLD MOZART: The pastry is so hard to get right.

MOZART: My future music, will it be like this pastry?

DOCTOR: Oh, even worse, once you discover hip-hop.

MOZART: Oh, that sounds quite ghastly. I'm sorry, masked version of me, but no deal.

MASK 2: What? No

MOZART: I don't know if I'm on the way out. I rather suspect I am. But if I die, I die. And if I live, I'll make my music and my scones without your help.

MASK 2: You have to accept. Please, my brothers, talk some sense into him.

DOCTOR: The maestro has spoken.

MASK 2: He's condemning countless clones to slavery. If he dies right now, then nothing will change. He'll go right on being music's greatest genius, and in the future hundreds of thousands of us will end up wiping dishes and mopping up baby sick.

DOCTOR: Ah, but that's what *you* did to them. The way your owners got fed up with you all, treated you not like musicians but skivvies. And then all the unemployment, the homelessness, that was *you*. Only damaging Mozart's reputation, never ever destroying it.

MASK 2: So, how can I destroy it? Tell me! I'll make him use pan pipes if I have to.

DOCTOR: Not even pan pipes can help you now. All the bad music you make Mozart right, there'll still be enough people to remember before Mozart jumped the shark.

MASK 2: You're saying they'll never stop cloning us and churning us out, not so long as he's got his masterpiece? While that exists, so will we?

EVELYN: And what is this masterpiece, exactly?

MASK: Oh, his Requiem.

BUTLER: Yes, the Requiem was very good.

OLD MOZART: I was always very proud of the Requiem.

MOZART: I've only just finished it, you know. Ever so relieved I got it done before I died. Nothing more ironic than an unfinished Requiem. Lots of lovely diminuendos. I like diminuendos.

DOCTOR: Er, this Requiem of yours, where is it?

MOZART: On the bedside table.

DOCTOR: Ah, this is it here?

EVELYN: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Well, I wouldn't rob the world of Mozart's masterpiece, but maybe if it were just a little less masterly? Say we remove the last six or seven pages.

BUTLER: It's very good, you know. Better make it a dozen.

DOCTOR: This way his genius will survive intact. There'll still be clones, because there'll always be fans, and fans never know when enough's enough, but maybe this way there won't be a demand for quite so many of them, and the ones that are made will be actually wanted as a result. Custom made, not mass produced.

MASK: That might just work.

BUTLER: I don't mind being a clone of an eighteenth century composer so long as I get a bit of respect.

OLD MOZART: Mozart's Unfinished Requiem. I like the sound of it.

EVELYN: Do you really think that just chopping off the end will be enough to damage Mozart's reputation?

DOCTOR: I don't see why not. No one likes something that comes to an abrupt e

Bedtime Story by Joseph Lister

(A clock ticks slowly.)

OLD JACOB: Time to sleep now. Maybe time for just one story, hmm? Sleeping Beauty? (laughs) No, I think it's time I told you about the Doctor. I mean, if it weren't for him, we wouldn't be here at all, you and me. No, wouldn't be here at all. It started just after my father's first funeral. We'd all gone back to my mother's house. Dog-eared sandwiches, flaky sausage rolls, and memories of good old Frank Williams. Oh, you remember my mother, don't you?

MARY: Doctor Singh, but it weren't the same one I saw about my eyes. No, this were a different one.

OLD JACOB: Oh, she did like to talk, my mother, whether it were about the NHS or bin charges or school dinners.

MARY: Well I'm sorry, but I used to love pink custard, and I just don't see what it's got to do with Jamie Oliver.

OLD JACOB: And so that's where we were. Me, Aunt Julia, Uncle Patrick, my fiancée Talia, and the baby. Mine and Talia's baby, sleeping in my old room.

MARY: And it's got a petrol station which is wonderful, because you can get points for

JACOB: Talia, is it really wrong to be bored at me own Dad's funeral?

TALIA: Shh. I'm dying to hear more about the new supermarket in Harrogate.

JACOB: Love of God. It's okay, I've told her again we're not staying tonight. Last train's at 2310.

MARY: So, Patrick, are you and Julia going to stay over. My son can't, unfortunately. He's got to take the baby and his girlfriend

JACOB: Fiancée, Mum.

MARY: His fiancée back to London. That's where he lives now. I told you he runs his own company, didn't I? Designing the internet. How's your Lizzie doing? Is she still waitressing?

JULIA: Sorry, Mary. We'd love to stay, but we can't. Patrick's got to be up early tomorrow, don't you, Patrick?

(Snoring.)

MARY: Oh, that is a shame. How are things on the farm? Still all organic?

JACOB: Will it ever end?

MARY: I don't really have a problem with doing my bit for the environment and everything, but I want my carrots to be clean.

(Doorbell.)

JACOB: I'll get it.

TALIA: Oh, don't leave me.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Good evening. You must be Jacob. Delighted to meet you. I'm the Doctor, and this is my friend

JACOB: Doctor Smythe!

EVELYN: Hello. Oh, Jacob Williams! You remember me, then.

JACOB: Of course I do. Come in.

EVELYN: I imagine my disappearance probably made me quite infamous.

JACOB: I think it's more how quickly you used to down a pint of Guinness, but yeah, the disappearance helped.

EVELYN: And of course my excellent lecturing abilities.

JACOB: Oh yeah, those as well. Best tutor I ever had.

EVELYN: I should hope so.

MARY [OC]: Who is it, dear?

JACOB: It's me er, sorry, but why are you here?

EVELYN: I read about your Dad, and I just had to come and say how sorry I was. He was a lovely man.

MARY [OC]: Jacob?

JACOB: Sorry, you'd best come though.

EVELYN: Thank you. Oh, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, you've remembered I'm here. Yes, Evelyn?

EVELYN: Best behaviour, please.

DOCTOR: Yes, Evelyn.

(Door opens.)

MARY: And there's just one parking space left, and it's outside some oh, my eyes. Who are you?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and this is my friend

JACOB: This is me old history tutor, Mum, Doctor Evelyn Smythe.

MARY: The one who disappeared? I have to say, I thought you'd be younger. I thought you'd run off with one of the students.

EVELYN: I'm so sorry for your loss, Mrs Williams.

MARY: Well, these things happen, but you have to cope, for the kids.

JACOB: So anyway, how'd you know Doctor Smythe?

DOCTOR: Oh, we're friends. We're travelling together.

MARY: And what brought you to our little village? Do you know, they film Heartbeat just down the road.

DOCTOR: No, really? We just stopped off at the delightful tea rooms down on Smithers Street. I do love a good scone.

EVELYN: I went out to get a paper and read about your father's death.

DOCTOR: And so we came here to offer our condolences.

TALIA: So you two, you're friends?

EVELYN: Oh, not like that, dear.

DOCTOR: Like what?

EVELYN: He's far too old for me.

DOCTOR: Oh. Old?

OLD JACOB: They were a strange pair, all right, my old history lecturer and her friend the Doctor. She'd disappeared, you see, when I were at Sheffield. Just overnight, gone. Actually, you look like you're going yourself. I'd best skip some of the story before you sail off to dreamland.

MARY: Well, she lived just opposite. She was one of those, you know, always cricking her neck (continues softly in background.)

DOCTOR: Your mother.

JACOB: Sorry? What about her?

DOCTOR: She doesn't seem too stricken by grief.

JACOB: Oh, you noticed.

DOCTOR: Well, neither do you.

JACOB: I am. The thing is, well, we knew he was going to die. Me Mum'll be gone soon as well.

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, I am sorry. Is she ill?

JACOB: Oh no, she's fine.

DOCTOR: What?

JACOB: The thing is, I've got a son. A baby boy.

DOCTOR: Oh, where is he?

JACOB: Asleep in the other room. We've a baby monitor thing set up so he'll be okay. Mum didn't want him in here, not today. She's terrified of him. Sandwich?

DOCTOR: She's scared of her own grandson?

JACOB: Well, he's the reason Dad's oh! (coughs) Why do they insist on putting cress in? Yes, sorry. He's the reason Dad's dead. It's okay, I don't expect you to understand. It's a family thing.

DOCTOR: Let me get this straight, Jacob. You're saying that your father died because you had a son?

JACOB: Circle of life, innit?

DOCTOR: Jacob, what exactly do you mean? When do you think your Mum's going to die?

JACOB: Probably this week sometime. It might even be tonight.

DOCTOR: And that doesn't bother you? Put that down and look at me! Are you saying you don't care?

JACOB: Course I care, but it's why, well, it's one of the reasons I want to go back to London tonight.

We're not, well, we don't talk about it. If it happens, it happens.

DOCTOR: And you're just going to let it happen.

JACOB: What else can I do?

DOCTOR: Let me help.

JACOB: Well, look, if you're really that interested, I can show you more in me father's study. He'd been researching the family tree, goes all the way back to the 1600s.

DOCTOR: That sounds like a good place to start. Evelyn! Oh, sorry, she's a bit deaf.

EVELYN: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Jacob's going to show me his family tree. Do you want to come and have a look?

EVELYN: No, it's fine. I'll stay here with the girls. We've just brewed another pot of tea.

DOCTOR: Fine. I'll be back soon.

MARY: They collect the bottles and the papers, you know. Well, I mean, she puts them out days before.

OLD JACOB: When you've accepted something, you sometimes just forget how strange it is. I'd always known that my parents would die as soon as I became a father. It'd happened in our family throughout history, and so on the day my son Paul was born, my father Frank died. The thing was, this Doctor, he had this ability of instantly making you question things.

DOCTOR: It's just as I said. We travel together.

JACOB: She seems older.

DOCTOR: Well, it's been a while since you last saw her. Probably longer for her. Come on. Loading, loading.

(Computer cranking up.)

JACOB: It's just all that drinking tea stuff and yes dear stuff. She used to be a right old party animal.

DOCTOR: Oh, ha ha, did she indeed?

JACOB: Just a bit.

(Musical chime.)

DOCTOR: Ah. Now, what's the file called?

JACOB: Here, I'll just, ah, there you go.

DOCTOR: The Williams' Family Tree.

OLD JACOB: Meanwhile, back in the living room, the inevitable was happening.

EVELYN: I see cake. Oh, I love cake.

TALIA: Oh yeah, me too. Ever since Paul was born. Must be a hormone thing.

EVELYN: Or a chocolate thing.

TALIA: Yeah, all right. I'm a heifer.

MARY: Oh, ha, ha, ha. Such wit, Talia. I can see why my son is so enamoured.

TALIA: Mrs Williams, look, I'm sorry you don't think I'm good enough for Jacob, but the thing is

MARY: Not good enough? You're damn right there.

TALIA: You don't even know me.

EVELYN: Er, cake, anyone?

MARY: I don't need to know you. You killed Frank.

TALIA: Sorry?

EVELYN: Maybe I should

MARY: You just stay there, Doctor Smythe. It's a joy to have someone intelligent around. Someone, someone who isn't just a dirty little trollop from wherever you're from.

TALIA: Oi! Who the Hell do you think you're talking to? And what do you mean, I killed Frank?

JULIA: Patrick, wake up. It's all kicking off.

(Snore.)

EVELYN: Really, I think it would be best if everyone just calmed down. Perhaps some more tea?

TALIA: Come on, what do you mean, I killed Frank? Don't be so stupid.

MARY: It's that baby, that child of yours. It's the reason Frank's dead.

EVELYN: Goodness, really? Perhaps we could just sit down quietly and

MARY: It's evil. That kid's evil.

TALIA: You're clearly upset. I think I should go.

MARY: You think? Is that what you think? You should never have come, that way none of this (choke, gurgle)

EVELYN: Mrs Williams? Quick, get her some tea.

TALIA: Mary? Mary, what is it?

MARY: (choking) Oh great, and now it's my turn, you little

(Gurgle, gasp, thud, expires.)

EVELYN: Mrs Williams?

(The baby cries over the monitor.)

EVELYN: I think we should er. Talia, go and see to Paul.

TALIA: Mary? God, she's dead.

EVELYN: Go and see to your son.

TALIA: Yes.

EVELYN: Julia, where's the phone? We should call an ambulance.

JULIA: She's dead.

TALIA [OC]: Shh, shh, it's okay. Go to sleep. Your mummy's here. Yes, that's it

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Don't all congratulate me at once, but I think I've worked out what's going on.

EVELYN: Doctor, it's Mary.

DOCTOR: Oh, no. No, that's not fair!

JACOB: Mum.

OLD JACOB: And that was it. Dead, right on cue.

DOCTOR: Right, everyone get back. Let me look at her.

JULIA: She's dead. Oh Jacob, I am sorry.

JACOB: Doctor?

DOCTOR: No pulse, no heartbeat, nothing. But ah! No.

EVELYN: Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR: She, she's not dead. She's not. There's something. There's no Time there. She's frozen. She's alive.

JACOB: What do you mean? What are you talking about?

DOCTOR: She's wrong. Your mother, she's. Her time hasn't come to an end, it's just been paused.
EVELYN: Doctor, I've never seen you like this.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Evelyn, it's just, well, imagine how you'd feel if you met a zombie. Someone who was dead and alive. She's like that to me. There's no Time.
JACOB: You're saying she's not dead?
DOCTOR: No, Jacob, she isn't.
JACOB: And me Dad?
DOCTOR: Your Dad? Oh, has he been
JACOB: Buried. Oh God, he's been buried.
DOCTOR: But he's. You, what's your name?
JULIA: Julia. I'm Mary's sister, from Barnsley.
DOCTOR: Yeah, yeah, just your name will be fine. Is that large gentleman your husband?
JULIA: Yes. Why?
DOCTOR: Well, wake him up and the pair of you get to the church. Frank Williams is alive, and he could be fully aware of everything that's happening to him.
JULIA: But, but he's been. He's in the ground. He's in a coffin.
DOCTOR: So don't just stand there, go and get him out of it. This is worse than I thought.
TALIA [OC]: That's it, go to sleep, to sleep. 🎵 Oranges and lemons say the bells of Saint Clements. 🎵
EVELYN: Doctor, what exactly is going on?
DOCTOR: The family tree. Jacob's right. For hundreds of years, every time a boy is born the grandparents have died. Only as I've just discovered, they don't die. They're frozen in Time, and I suspect fully aware of everything that happens to them.
JACOB: But there's been so, so many. Are you saying that
DOCTOR: All of them buried alive, lying in the coffin, awake, presumably until their mind breaks.
JACOB: Oh, my God. Dad.
EVELYN: But what could cause it, Doctor? Some kind of virus?
JACOB: Talia, is everything all right?
TALIA [OC]: Yeah, Paul's asleep.
DOCTOR: No, Evelyn, this isn't an illness or an accident. This is premeditated. This is planned. Think about it. It's only when a grandson is born. What does a grandson mean, hmm? Jacob.
JACOB: Well, er, the family name continues?
TALIA [OC]: Hello?
DOCTOR: Hello? Hello?
EVELYN: You need to press the button, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh. Talia, is everything all right? Hello?
EVELYN: You need to let go of the button, Doctor.
TALIA [OC]: Yeah, I'm just. Can you keep the button pressed? It's very, it's quiet here.
DOCTOR: I haven't got time to be pressing and unpressing buttons.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, just a minute. Now. It's not just the name, though, is it? By waiting until a grandson is born, the family itself continues. Someone or something hates your family so much that they've spent centuries getting close to them, waiting for the wonderful news of a new baby boy, and then callously sentencing the grandparents to a living hell. There. Can you hear us, Talia?
TALIA [OC]: Yeah. Now I think maybe I don't want to.
EVELYN: But who? And why would someone hate a family so much?
JACOB: Revenge?
TALIA [OC]: Love?
DOCTOR: What do you mean, Talia?
TALIA [OC]: Well, Mary, Mrs William, she hates me, but that's because she loves Jacob. She wants to protect her baby boy. Jacob?
JACOB: Yeah?
TALIA [OC]: I think Paul wants his daddy.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Talia. Whoever's doing this won't get your son. Not for another fifty years or so, anyway.
TALIA [OC]: Oh, well, that's really comforting, thanks.
EVELYN: Jacob, go to her. We'll stay with your mum.
JACOB: Okay. I'm coming, Talia. (leaves)
EVELYN: The poor boy.
DOCTOR: Let's take a closer look at his mother. Ah, should be all right. This time I know what to expect.

(Baby cries.)

EVELYN: I'll make us some tea.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Evelyn. Now. Oh, even her watch has stopped. Mary, I know you can hear me, and I don't want you to worry. I can help you. I'll put an end to this. Jacob, are you with Talia yet?

JACOB [OC]: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. Now, I want everyone to think. Let's say Talia is right. Let's say whoever or whatever is doing this is doing it out of passion.

EVELYN: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Evelyn. Firstly, whoever is doing this is consumed by hate. They could just kill their victims rather than this horror. Secondly, they're long-lived. They live longer than your average human, anyway. So, you're a long-lived creature possessed by a pure hatred of one family, and you want to see them suffer. So, what does that suggest to you? I'd say that you'd want to witness the results of your actions, see them suffer.

EVELYN: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: Whoever it is has got close to the family. Whoever it is was here when Mary was attacked. Now think. Come on, Doctor, think. How could someone keep getting close to the family generation after generation without anyone noticing?

EVELYN: I, I don't know.

DOCTOR: I do. They need to blend in, become part of the family, enjoy watching them live, and then revel in watching their grief.

EVELYN: Talia? She wasn't part of the family. Perhaps she got together with Jacob so she could

DOCTOR: What, kill her own son? And don't you think Frank Williams might have noticed if she'd been there when his own father died?

EVELYN: Well, what then?

DOCTOR: A shape-shifter. The creature has to be a shape-shifter. How else could they do it?

JACOB [OC]: You mean an, an alien? A shape-shifter? So it could be anyone.

DOCTOR: Oh, he's quick, isn't he?

EVELYN: Doctor, you're getting irritable.

DOCTOR: Of course I am. This is horrible. And whoever did it is here, among us.

EVELYN: Even if that is the case, there's no need to take it out on the boy. Here, drink some tea.

DOCTOR: And of course, if they're here, it suggests how they commit the crime. A touch, a sting, or

EVELYN: Your tea, Doctor.

DOCTOR: A poison. I'm right, aren't I?

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Stay there, Jacob. You too, Talia. I'll deal with this.

EVELYN: Doctor, perhaps you should sit down. Have a piece of cake.

DOCTOR: Where is she?

EVELYN: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Where is Evelyn Smythe? What have you done with her!

EVELYN: Oh, Evelyn's sleeping. You think you're so clever. She really doesn't like that aspect of you.

DOCTOR: Even Jacob spotted it. All the talk of tea and cake, talking to the girls, no interest in the family tree. The real Evelyn would have worked most of this out herself. She wouldn't have stood there asking 'what is it, Doctor?' She wouldn't have stood there flustering as Mary Williams lay dying at her feet. She's made of far stronger stuff.

EVELYN: Oh, isn't she lovely. I just nipped out to get a paper.

DOCTOR: And that's when you replaced her.

EVELYN: That's when I gave her my magic potion, and sent her off to dreamland.

DOCTOR: Then you came back to the tea room, told me about Frank's funeral, and insisted we came.

EVELYN: I had to pay my respects.

DOCTOR: Where is Evelyn?

EVELYN: Sleeping, in a field.

DOCTOR: Jacob, can you hear me?

JACOB [OC]: Yes.

DOCTOR: Call the police. Tell them to search the fields nearest to Smithers Street. When they find Evelyn's body, tell them to bring it here.

JACOB [OC]: But what if they don't believe me?

DOCTOR: Make them believe you.

EVELYN: Such a strange man. Such a good man, burning with intelligence, travelling in this time machine. You see, I know what Evelyn knows. How she sees you. Mmm, I'd love to taste your mind.

DOCTOR: I'd love to know who you are.

EVELYN: I've sent Mary and Frank to sleep. I'll disappear, and then return for Jacob when his own son breeds. So yes, let me tell you a story. I was lost in the darkness for so many centuries. Then, years ago, I fell to this world. It was so primitive, so emotional, and I was drawn in like a moth to a flame. I was drawn in, and I met a man.

DOCTOR: Tobias Williams, back in, oh what, 1695, 1696?

EVELYN: How clever of you. So clever. You're right. I took human form, and I fell in love. It was so alien to me, these feelings, this responsibility. You've never had that, have you, hmm? The responsibility of love. I loved Tobias, and we were to be wed, but then I made the mistake of telling him what I was, what he was really in love with, and he spurned me, Doctor. He spurned me. Do you know what he called me? Do you?

DOCTOR: A witch.

EVELYN: You know your history. I was burning at the stake, feeling the fire burn my skin. But the burning inside, that was worse. The hatred burnt inside me. How could he do this to the one he loves?

DOCTOR: He didn't understand.

EVELYN: He knew what he was doing. I escaped the fire. My true form cannot be destroyed by such a simple element. I escaped, and I swore to myself that he would never be happy. And I watched, I watched as he met someone else, as he fell in love with someone else so easily. It was so easy for him. So, a year later I took on the form of a humble maid, and one night I listened at a door as his new wife read to their son. Read him a bedtime story. Do you know what the story was?

DOCTOR: This was in 1698?

TALIA [OC]: Sleeping Beauty? Sorry, I studied it in college.

EVELYN: Clever girl. And I knew then, as I listened at that door, I knew what my revenge would be.

DOCTOR: A hundred years of sleep.

EVELYN: For Tobias. For all of them. For all his sons, and his grandsons, and all those descendants who should have belonged to me.

DOCTOR: You poor creature.

EVELYN: Oh, such a good man.

DOCTOR: You didn't just sentence the Williams family, you sentenced yourself. You say you fell in love? Can you even comprehend the evil that you've committed?

EVELYN: Oh, calm down, Doctor. Drink some tea.

DOCTOR: How many have you sentenced to your sleep?

EVELYN: Hundreds. And the thing about revenge is, it's not much fun if you can't tell people about it. I've sat there in pubs and hotels and tea rooms. I've told my story to so many. But I can't have them telling anyone else, now can I? Just a couple of drops of my magic, and off they go. Sleeping like a baby. Sleeping for a hundred years. Sleeping, but aware, listening, watching as their families mourn over them. Trying to scream out, but they're silent.

DOCTOR: You've become the personification of hatred.

EVELYN: And now it's your turn to sleep. You've had your story. Time for beddie-byes, Doctor.

TALIA: Just a minute, Missus.

EVELYN: What do you want, child?

TALIA: Thing is, you got it wrong. You've messed up big time.

JACOB: Talia, what are you doing?

TALIA: I'm sorry, Jacob, but it's time for the truth. Your mum was right about me.

EVELYN: What are you talking about?

TALIA: I *am* a dirty little trollop.

EVELYN: What?

TALIA: I'm sorry, Jacob. I'm so sorry, but I cheated on you.

(Baby cries.)

TALIA: It's okay, Paul. Shh. Shh.

JACOB: What? What do you? Talia, no.

TALIA: Paul isn't yours. You remember that guy at college, the one you didn't like?

JACOB: Paul's not mine?

TALIA: Please, forgive me.

JACOB: You tell me now? Me Mum and me Dad are gone, and now you tell me he's not, he's not mine. No!

EVELYN: What are you doing, boy? Get away from me!

JACOB: Give me that. Is this what you wanted? Your revenge? Well, perhaps a nice cup of tea will help me. (coughs)

TALIA: Jacob!

JACOB: I can't deal with this. I can't cope with it. I loved (chokes, thud.)

TALIA: Jacob?
DOCTOR: The last of the family.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: Your story has ended.
EVELYN: No. No, it can't.
DOCTOR: It has. You made a mistake. The whole family are now at peace. Sleeping, just as you wanted.
EVELYN: No!
DOCTOR: Yes. So, what have you got to live for now, hmm? You're consumed by hate. You became hate. Whatever you were before, that's been lost. Your entire existence became about revenge, and now that's over.
EVELYN: No! (gurgles) No!
DOCTOR: Just do us all a favour and go!
EVELYN: Noooo!
(Transforms and fades away.)
DOCTOR: The end of the story.
TALIA: Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
TALIA: Please tell me you knew what we were doing?
DOCTOR: I'm hoping you knew what I was doing.
TALIA: Getting her to tell us what she was all about so we could stop her.
DOCTOR: You were very good, you know. You almost had me convinced.
TALIA: Oi, I'd never cheat on Jacob.
DOCTOR: I know, I know.
TALIA: So you can save them, yeah?
DOCTOR: I can't bring them back. I don't know what the creature used. But I can take them away.
TALIA: In your time machine.
DOCTOR: That's right. Show them the universe for a hundred years. Give them sweet dreams.
TALIA: Then bring them back.
DOCTOR: It'll be like they've never been away.
TALIA: (crying) And then it'll all be over?

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

OLD JACOB: He took me, my Mum, my Dad, Evelyn. He took our sleeping bodies into his magic box and he showed us everything. He gave us the sweetest dreams. You should have seen it. So much out there in the stars. And then, after a hundred years, we woke up. We woke up and he brought us back to that very same day, that same moment. And off they went, the Doctor and Evelyn, back to their adventures, and we stayed behind and all lived happily ever after, didn't we, Jacob? Did you really think the Doctor could fool me, after all I knew about him from Evelyn? Oh, your fiancée's lies about your son being illegitimate couldn't harm me any more than the flames of the stake. You all thought you were so clever, just because the Doctor was there. You thought I'd died, but I didn't die, I just reverted to my natural form, and after a while I went back off to the tea rooms, found myself a little waiter called Elliot, sent him off to dreamland and took his form. Then I waited, waited until your son Paul had his own son, then I came back, didn't I, Jacob. Did you enjoy that cup of cocoa, my little sleeping beauty? And when you fell asleep, I took your form. No one to help you now. The Doctor's not here, so there's no happy ending.

The 100 Days of the Doctor by Paul Cornell

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: And we're finally on our way.
EVELYN: Well, I never thought bargaining for our lives could be so tiresome.
DOCTOR: I told you I could answer any question the Inquisitor of Shram put to me.
EVELYN: Yes, but did you have to do it without hesitation, deviation or repetition?
DOCTOR: I like a challenge.
EVELYN: Hmm.
DOCTOR: Is something the matter, young lady?
EVELYN: There are times when er. No, best left unsaid.
DOCTOR: Times when what?
EVELYN: When I wish that you were

DOCTOR: Mmm, different?

EVELYN: Well

DOCTOR: I think if I have one defining characteristic, it's exactly that. I'm different from everyone. I'm even different from every other me, and who else can say that?

EVELYN: This is, broadly speaking, the sort of thing I wish you were different from.

DOCTOR: Oh. I see. Well.

EVELYN: Now I've gone and hurt your feelings.

DOCTOR: Not at all. You'd never do that. No, no, I was just about to go and put the kettle on. I think a nice cup of argh!

EVELYN: Doctor? Doctor, what's wrong?

DOCTOR: Ah! I seem to have lost control of. Can't move my legs. Evelyn, stay back. My arm's moving of its own volition. Don't let me harm you.

EVELYN: What can I do? Doctor?

DOCTOR: (possessed) Ah, there. We have control of the speech centres and the mouth. That was a particularly difficult battle. Good evening, Doctor Evelyn Smythe. We are the Teksinurens.

EVELYN: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: We are an intelligent virus that has infested the Doctor and multiplied to the extent of now being able to control him. He's still perfectly aware. See? He's blinking at you.

EVELYN: What do you want?

DOCTOR: We are a revenge weapon. The Doctor caused great irritation to our creators, the Grand Teks of the Tharsis Acumen.

EVELYN: The Tharsis Acumen?

DOCTOR: So they employed an assassin to fire a microscopic dart containing a culture of us into his skin.

EVELYN: What? When did that happen?

DOCTOR: We haven't been given that information, and we wouldn't tell *you* if we had. Over the next hundred days, we'll be gradually shutting down the Doctor's biological systems in such a way as to cause him the maximum possible agony.

EVELYN: That, that's monstrous!

DOCTOR: This is the price for offending against the Tharsis Acumen. We now return control of the Doctor's body, and we will set off towards his kidneys. Good day to you.

(Doctor gasps.)

EVELYN: Doctor. Doctor. Doctor, did you hear all that?

DOCTOR: (normal) Yes. Yes, and I can feel that it's true.

EVELYN: We must get you to a hospital.

DOCTOR: The hospital doesn't exist that can treat this condition. I have one hundred days to live. Or rather, they've made the mistake of giving me one hundred days to save myself.

EVELYN: Here, let me, let me help you up.

(Effort.)

EVELYN: Now, who are these Tharsis people?

DOCTOR: The Tharsis Acumen are a technocracy, a civilisation ruled by scientists. And whoever thought that might be a good idea need their head examining. You should see the bureaucracy. Getting good seats at the opera took decades.

EVELYN: Is that what you tried to do? I mean, is that why they hate you?

DOCTOR: No, this is not all because I got annoyed with some bald bean-counter at a ticket agency and told him what he could do with his beans, although I did. This is because I found out the Acumen were experimenting on prisoners. Some of the scientists involved were in the box next to me and I could hear them chattering all through the encores. I got myself thrown into jail, met some fascinating people, formed a small theatre group, performed Brecht for the Governors, excelled as Mother Courage, had drinks with the Commandant, did a little fiddling with his desk top computers, and freed the political prisoners into the sewers.

EVELYN: Obviously.

DOCTOR: You asked the virus the right question. When and where did I get shot?

EVELYN: You don't know?

DOCTOR: My abilities don't stretch to sensing the impact of microscopic darts. Playing microscopic darts, on the other hand, for instance against the great protozoan champion Ronny One-Cell Amoeboid.

EVELYN: You're making it up.

DOCTOR: Yes.

EVELYN: Because you're very scared.

DOCTOR: Yes. I must think. The Tharsis Acumen only lasted for a few centuries. They never developed time travel, and their influence was limited to one spiral arm of the Milky Way. Now, calculating how long it would take for the virus to infest me, say the last ten years or so.

EVELYN: Well, what do all those numbers mean?

DOCTOR: They're all the places within the range of their assassin where I've landed during that time.

EVELYN: That's a lot.

DOCTOR: We have a hundred days. Best get moving. Especially since, oh dear.

EVELYN: What?

DOCTOR: I've just felt a sudden twinge in my kidneys.

(Walking outdoors.)

EVELYN: So this first past you we're going to see isn't you. Oh dear, a strict grammarian really should not become a time traveller.

DOCTOR: This will be one of those mes that I'm different from. Now remember, I was in a former incarnation when I attended this particular celebration, the inauguration of the Three-Bodied Lustrousness of the Vix.

EVELYN: How different is this you exactly?

DOCTOR: Well, I don't want to speak ill of him. You should make up your own mind. He's interested in sport, of all things. Terrible dress sense.

EVELYN: I like him already.

(The Doctor cries out in pain.)

EVELYN: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn. In the next few weeks you will doubtless see me subject to all manner of minor moments of weakness. I would much appreciate it if you didn't mention every wince and stumble!

EVELYN: I shall try not to.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. There was no cause for that. I shouldn't be grumpy when there's hardly even any pain.

EVELYN: You know, the other day when I was complaining

DOCTOR: It's forgotten.

EVELYN: I had such an ache in the small of my back from all that time we'd been standing in front of the Inquisitor of Shram.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realise.

EVELYN: And you never said that I shouldn't be grumpy with you. You grump as much as you like. Oh, sounds like the party's in full swing. Is that you?

DOCTOR: Yes. And those are my companions, Peri and Erimem.

EVELYN: Where?

DOCTOR: Just left of, well, me.

EVELYN: Pretty girls.

DOCTOR: Possibly.

EVELYN: And you're rather a dashing young man. And so

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: Thin.

DOCTOR: We agreed we could grumble. I didn't say stick the knife in.

EVELYN: How is it possible for you to be someone else? I mean, someone with a different personality. When you learn something, when you have life experiences, don't those things make you a particular way?

DOCTOR: Yes, as with you. But when one regenerates, one takes those same lessons and sees them from a different angle.

EVELYN: So it's like joining the Brownies.

DOCTOR: The ultimate mystery of the Time Lords is like signing on with a girls junior Scout Troop? That's one of the most spectacular similes I have ever heard attempted.

EVELYN: Hmm. When one joins the Brownies, ones attitude to say knitting changes immediately because of the prospect of earning a badge. The same experience, the same skills, seen from a different angle.

DOCTOR: Every now and then you astonish me.

EVELYN: You've got your arm round one of the pretty girls now.

DOCTOR: Entirely platonically.

EVELYN: What kind of badge were you trying to earn back then?

DOCTOR: The all things to all men badge.

EVELYN: He seems lovely. Everyone likes him.

(The Doctor cries out.)

EVELYN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Just my leg. Oh! They wanted to remind me of how old they're making this body. Ah! It's easing now. Just a warning shot.

EVELYN: The virus must have realised what we're doing, that we're on to it. Here, come on. Lean on me.

DOCTOR: Thanks.

EVELYN: We were talking about you being liked.

DOCTOR: Being liked is not the be-all and end-all of what I'm about. I'm about being many different things at once, continuing in all sorts of different ways, including especially the unpopular ways. You know as well as I do what's right is often, well, usually, the exact opposite of what the majority thinks it is.

EVELYN: He does irk you, doesn't he?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Not him. The way the universe treated him. Being him was like a holiday. A very wonderful holiday. Ah, feeling a bit better now. Thank you. I think I can stand on my own two feet again. Now, we have to search the crowd for a potential assassin. You go that way, I'll go this. Meet you on the other side.

EVELYN: What if I run into the other you?

DOCTOR: I don't remember it happening, so best not to.

EVELYN: I doubt you would have remembered me amongst all the pretty girls.

DOCTOR: Oh, if I had met you, I would have remembered.

EVELYN: I haven't seen anyone. What about you?

DOCTOR: I thought I saw something just out of the corner of my eye, but no, could be a trick of the light.

(Boom! Screams.)

EVELYN: Is that the assassin?

DOCTOR: No. No, I remember this is what happened. One of the Three Bodies of the Lustrousness turned out to want all the power. It set up the party as a trap. But I turned the tables. He reacts so quickly, that one of me. He's got a good bunch travelling with him, too. Look at that. Erimem's grabbed a sword, she's rallying people, stopping them running.

EVELYN: Brains as well as beauty.

DOCTOR: She was such a friend to Peri. That made all the difference in those days. You should have seen the change in her when Erimem arrived. They sparkled in each other's company. Made me very content, a ship of bright young things.

EVELYN: Doctor, I know all this has already happened and it turned out for the best, but

DOCTOR: Yes, they're coming this way. Come on, let's go and see some more of me, quickly.

(Laser fire.)

(Heavy rain.)

EVELYN: Six more planets, six more sightings of you, no sign of an assassin. And on one of those worlds we had to hang around for a week while you were painting.

DOCTOR: Hmm, seven whole days.

EVELYN: How are you feeling?

DOCTOR: I'm trying to control the pain by meditating, which might be why the virus has given me a very distracting headache.

EVELYN: Oh. Which you are we going to see now?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I don't remember having been here. Shh. There's someone up ahead. Quick, behind here.

EVELYN: Is that you? The one being held at gunpoint?

DOCTOR: The little man in the hat. Yes, I've met him before. He's my next incarnation.

EVELYN: Your next? Well, must be strange to know that.

DOCTOR: And I think I can anticipate your next question.

EVELYN: If he's there, then surely you're going to be fine.

DOCTOR: No, because Time is infinitely changeable, and I could just die. And if I do, he ceases to exist as well. Why are we here? Ah, of course.

EVELYN: Of course what?

DOCTOR: Don't you see? The Tardis must have included all its future landings in the map it gave us.

EVELYN: You mean it knows where it's going to go?

DOCTOR: Apparently. Interesting. And this hugely complicates our task. This can't be where I was

shot with the virus. And we're going to have to sort through endless times like this, wasting the precious days I have left.

EVELYN: Can't you remember where you've been?

DOCTOR: Oh, where haven't I been? And I think the virus is deliberately damaging my memory cells. They're oh, what's the word. Oh, I see. Very funny.

EVELYN: Anyway, there's no point in staying here. Come on. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Look at him. So sure of himself. Always a step ahead. Always prepared to do things I'd never do.

EVELYN: Are you sure? He seems a rather jolly man.

DOCTOR: It looks as though he's made another family for himself. That's often when I'm happiest.

EVELYN: Oh.

DOCTOR: Present company excepted. Those two, the girl and the boy.

EVELYN: Another dashing young chap. And she looks as though she can hold her own. She seems very grown up for one of your friends. Present company excepted. They look like brother and sister.

DOCTOR: Look, he's waiting for them to do something to save the situation. He's teaching them.

Unlike him. From what I've heard, he was always blowing up planets, and they call me the aggressive one.

EVELYN: Who call you that?

DOCTOR: The audience.

EVELYN: What?

DOCTOR: Those who pay attention to my travels.

EVELYN: Are you hallucinating? There are people watching us?

DOCTOR: Or listening to us.

EVELYN: Listening?

DOCTOR: They say the pictures are better when you're listening. And in the case of Gallifreyan Time-Space Visualisers that's often literally the case. I'm talking about the Time Lords. Always interested in what I'm getting up to.

EVELYN: I remember your home. All that political intrigue. I found it absolutely fascinating. Wish I could listen in on them. Do you think this audience of yours could help you?

DOCTOR: Look, that Doctor's friends, they're distracting the men with the guns. Any minute now. (Gunshots and grunts.)

DOCTOR: There we go.

EVELYN: With a baseball bat. Doctor, isn't it time we

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. We must go. Evelyn?

EVELYN: Yes? What's the matter?

DOCTOR: Well, it's just that I'd rather like to see some more mes from the future before my one hundred days are up. I feel as if they may be the only future I have. That's a bad sign, isn't it?

EVELYN: You aren't going to give up hope. I'm not going to let you. Even if I have to find my own baseball bat.

EVELYN: This looks like a bit of a dive.

DOCTOR: The American frontier in the 1870s. Within the reach of our assassin.

EVELYN: If he's one of your future selves, we turn on our heels and leave. Agreed?

DOCTOR: As we have done on every previous occasion.

EVELYN: Yes, but you've been taking your time turning. Why is it never your first four selves we run into?

DOCTOR: Sheer coincidence. There are a lot of stories to be told, you know, with the rest of us.

EVELYN: So how do we tell which one is you in a room where every man's wearing a frock coat?

DOCTOR: I'm the one not carrying a gun.

EVELYN: The one playing poker, you mean? Oh, but there's two of you. The same you.

DOCTOR: It happens. If the circumstances are safe, then it can even be fun, especially with a game like that.

EVELYN: You can be pretty sure one won't remember the others cards. He looks nice.

DOCTOR: Will you stop saying that? You're making it sound like you drew the short straw.

EVELYN: I mean he looks charming, relaxed, as though he has all the time in the world.

DOCTOR: Most of us live a long time. There was a time when I thought this incarnation was going to be short and sweet, but then I thought I'd been given the gift of

EVELYN: Getting old gracefully?

DOCTOR: Older. It's good to have mellowed, to have had the chance to explore, to be me.

EVELYN: Stop talking as if it's nearly over.

DOCTOR: Indeed. Of course. We should go. Those two with him are quite something, aren't they? And those dresses, with feathers in their hair. One posh as you like, the other one a bit more mainstream.

EVELYN: What's that in the corner? Doctor, is that the assassin? That thing that looks like. It did, it moved.

DOCTOR: It's all right, he knows about it. Both of them. They keep looking over to him. I do believe he must be a companion too. I've never had a non-humanoid travel with me before. So many differences. Good for him. Argh!

EVELYN: Oh, are you all right?

DOCTOR: I'm ah! It'll be all right. Must be. I've got to make it all right for all their sakes. How many days has it been?

EVELYN: I'm not keeping count.

DOCTOR: Yes you are.

EVELYN: Sixty five. Come on. Come on, if I have to drag you.

DOCTOR: Well, there I am. This me. And you with me. Over there on the sand dune, do you remember?

EVELYN: How could I forget? Yes, those dratted sand creatures. Oh.

DOCTOR: What's the matter?

EVELYN: I was just looking at the contrast between that version of you and

DOCTOR: I have become rather pale and strained, haven't I? The virus has taken its toll, I'm afraid.

EVELYN: How are you feeling?

DOCTOR: The pain is now really quite extreme, in every joint, in every muscle. And the damage that it must be doing to my internal organs I really can't describe, so best not to, eh? We must carry on while there's still hope. Now, this is when we helped out that archaeological expedition, isn't it.

EVELYN: The one funded by

DOCTOR: Braxiatel, yes.

EVELYN: Could he help us?

DOCTOR: The only thing he'll be good for is being condescending to me. Oh, you know the sort of thing. How could I get myself into such a mess? This is the price I pay for my adventuring, blah, blah, blah. Oh, Brax was always the sensible one. Up to his neck in Gallifrey, then on that planet where he built his collection, he stayed put and looked after his own.

EVELYN: I must say, I didn't like the look of him. Untrustworthy, I thought.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know about that. Ah, there's the leader of his expedition. What was her name again?

EVELYN: Professor Bernice Summerfield. We had some wonderful chats while you were out searching for those creatures. She drinks like a fish, mind you. Had some very good gin, but no tonic. Relationship issues which she said she wouldn't talk about, and then did after having had a few. She's really lived, that girl. She's had adventures for such a long time. Oh, the sun's so bright here I can hardly make them out.

DOCTOR: Did you see? Something moving there, in the shadows. Yes, there, definitely.

EVELYN: It *is* a shadow.

DOCTOR: Follow it. Come on!

EVELYN: In there. It went into that cave.

DOCTOR: Oh blast, he's gone. Right in front of us. We were so close. A ripple in the air as he went. A sophisticated camouflage device, then a teleport to a waiting spacecraft somewhere nearby.

EVELYN: So were you just shot?

DOCTOR: No. No, I'm sure he didn't do it this time. He couldn't take a chance with us wearing those long desert robes. One thing about an intelligent virus, it's very expensive to manufacture. The assassin only gets one shot. Let me check something. (whirring) Yes. He's put a tracer on me. On the old me, I mean. Or the slightly younger one. Wonderful. This narrows it down. We only need to check the planets I visited after this one. How many days left?

EVELYN: Sixteen.

DOCTOR: That, that's plenty of time. Of course it is. Come on.

(Tardis in flight.)

DOCTOR: So, limiting it to only planets after that one, still within the range.

EVELYN: That can't leave very many.

DOCTOR: Indeed. It leaves just one. Now. Argh!

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: No!

EVELYN: No what?

(The Doctor in extreme pain.)

EVELYN: Doctor, that's not you hitting those controls, is it. It's that virus making you do it. Stop. Get away from the console. We must be getting close to you, you foul thing, or you wouldn't be trying to stop us.

(The Doctor gasps.)

DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, thank you. It's me again. It made me sabotage the controls, sent us where? Oh no.

EVELYN: What is it?

DOCTOR: Sideways in time, into the gap between realities. It's like a labyrinth of what might have been. We're going to need help to find our way out of this.

EVELYN: Then let's get out there and find some.

(Cheers and applause.)

DOCTOR: So that's over, then. We did it, didn't we. We saved the United Nations.

EVELYN: We stopped that annoying man from deploying his Krynoid pods, and now we're getting back to the Tardis as fast as possible.

DOCTOR: We're all different. The same in a lot of ways. Such a different me. What could be true? Ah, at least these other mes will survive, these parallel mes. If things had happened differently. How fascinating they are.

EVELYN: He gave you the dimensional control from his Tardis so that we could get out of here.

DOCTOR: He actually likes his exile, likes being with the Brigadier and that new version of UNIT.

EVELYN: I think so. They kept on and on about their days in Hong Kong.

DOCTOR: Ah, talking of days.

EVELYN: One left.

DOCTOR: Evelyn

EVELYN: That's still one. Come on. We must get back to the Tardis.

(Tardis door closes.)

EVELYN: Doctor, come on. Plug that control box in, start this thing moving, get us back into our own universe. Stand up.

DOCTOR: They'll all keep on going. UNIT, Sarah Jane, all those continuing stories. They don't need me.

EVELYN: Yes, they do. Now come on. You'll come on if I have to drag you.

DOCTOR: (groans) Satisfied?

EVELYN: Not yet. Not until you've won.

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens. Walking on gravel.)

EVELYN: This is the place?

(Tardis door closes.)

EVELYN: That afternoon we spent just flying kites. Look at the pile of them over there. So many different ones the locals wanted us to try.

DOCTOR: (in pain) One of my favourite days, and something bad had to happen on it.

EVELYN: There we are, on the horizon. Oh Doctor, how are we going to see the assassin? This mass of air, home to so many lifeforms on this world, but it's so clear. He'll be able to hide perfectly.

DOCTOR: What's that? Are my eyes

EVELYN: No. It's a cloud of steam, of volcanic smoke. But, I don't remember that.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, concentrate. Look for a shape.

EVELYN: There! A shadow, on that ridge. He's taking aim at you.

DOCTOR: Well, he's not going to get the chance. Grab that kite.

EVELYN: What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: I'm glad we spent this day learning how to fly them. Watch this. Yah! No, you are not in control of my body. You can't stop me!

EVELYN: Doctor, he's about to fire.

(Shot, gurgle.)

DOCTOR: Got him!

EVELYN: But Doctor, he'd already shot you.

DOCTOR: Follow me.

(Running, struggle.)

DOCTOR: Gotcha!

ASSASSIN: Too late, Time Lord. You've got me, but look at you over there, on the way back to your Tardis, all unknowing. The virus is already in your system.

DOCTOR: It was never my intention to stop you shooting me. I'm here to take revenge on my murderer.

EVELYN: What?

ASSASSIN: But everyone knows you don't kill.

DOCTOR: The look on my companion's face should tell you that after the hundred days we've just experienced, she knows that when it comes to knowing what I might or might not do, all bets are off. Do you know what this is?

ASSASSIN: A medical container.

DOCTOR: And inside is the very same virus with which you just shot me. (glass breaks) Have a good sniff of that.

EVELYN: No! Doctor, you can't.

(Assassin coughs and chokes.)

DOCTOR: There. Now he knows what it's like to be me, just as much as you do, Doctor Smythe. Oh, come on. We're going somewhere I can now die in peace.

(Walking away.)

EVELYN: I don't believe you did that.

DOCTOR: Nor should you. Is he reaching in his backpack?

EVELYN: What?

DOCTOR: Look back as if you're concerned for him.

EVELYN: Yes, he's searching for something.

DOCTOR: Right, come on.

(Struggle.)

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Got you.

ASSASSIN: Let go of me!

DOCTOR: Oh, now what could it be that you're searching for? Perhaps the thing that every assassin needs if they're trailing their quarry across light-years of space, taking with them something very fragile and very dangerous. Ah.

ASSASSIN: No!

DOCTOR: The antidote, I presume. (hiss of hypodermic) Ah. Mine now.

DOCTOR-VIRUS: No! No, we are dying. We are

DOCTOR: Oh do be quiet. There's nothing more boring than a touch of the sniffles with ideas above its station. Do you know, I feel better already.

ASSASSIN: But what about me?

EVELYN: I don't think you have anything to worry about. Does he, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Only explaining this to the Tharsis Acumen. The vial I cracked open under your nose was empty.

EVELYN: Doctor, every now and then you astonish me.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

EVELYN: You really should join the Brownies.

(Tardis in flight.)

DOCTOR: Now, where were we? Ah. I believe you were about to make the tea.

EVELYN: To be exact, *you* were, but I shall. After your illness, I think you should have a bit of a sit-down.

DOCTOR: Oh, nonsense. I shall race you to the kettle. I'm back to full fitness and entirely capable of being tricked into making tea.

EVELYN: Oh, look who's talking. All that hanging about when we were looking at future versions of you, was that entirely to get a credulous expression on my face for the benefit of that assassin?

DOCTOR: Oh, as if I could ever plan things with such cleverness. Well, I hope that at the very least, young lady, that you're no longer tired of me being simply me?

EVELYN: I despair, young man, of you being capable of anything else.